



IT: The loss of innocence by Mezita

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Summary: Amelia Stone, or Mia, as she is called by her friends, tries to help Bill find his younger brother, Georgie, even though she and neither the rest of the Losers Club think he is alive. She just did not expect the same thing that went after Georgie, was after her and her friends. Now together, they will have to try to fight Pennywise. BillxOC

1. Epigraph

Epigraph

"For children are innocent and love justice, while most of us are wicked and naturally prefer mercy." G. K. Chesterton

*"I'm interested in how innocence fares when it collides with hard reality."
Geoffrey S. Fletcher*

"Innocence eroded into nightmare. All because of very bad touch. Love, corrupted." Ellen Hopkins

2. Cast

Cast

Young Amelia (Mia) Stone – Mackenzie Foy

Young Bill Denbrough – Jaeden Martell

Young Beverly Marsh – Sophia Lillis

Young Ben Hascom – Jeremy Ray Taylor

Young Mike Hanlon – Chosen Jacobs

Young Stanley Uris – Wyatt Oleff

Young Richie Tozier – Finn Wolfhard

Young Eddie Kaspbrak – Jack Dylan Grazer

Young Henry Bowers – Nicholas Hamilton

Pennywise – Bill Skarsgard

Georgie Denbrough – Jackson Robert Scott

Norma Stone – Elizabeth Reaser

David Russell (Him/He) – Ian Glenn

Harrison Donaldson – Nikolaj Coster-Waldau

3. Goodbye Georgie

The rewrite as promised! New informations and inner feelings that I did not share before about Mia.

October 1988

Derry in October has been with constant rain that floods neighborhoods and arrest us at home. But for one person this rule did not apply, Amelia Stone or Mia, as she is known in her group of friends, the Losers Club, pedaled in her transparent coat after a rather boring day for the Denbrough house.

After finding out, after many threats and perhaps a lost fanny pack, that Bill had stayed home from a bad cold, the girl went after the blue-eyed brunet to hand over the day's subjects. Who did she want to fool? Despite her guard against more intimate touches among the boys in the group, it seemed that with Bill it was a natural, safe thing. Not that it made it easy, just ... happened and everything was clearer, as if the night was always clear.

The most marked path in the girl's mind ended when she saw the white, two-story house where he lived. She dropped his bike, Hope, into the pruned grass and flooded with strong water falling from the sky. As she lowered the hood of her coat, the girl rang the bell, interrupting the sound of the piano playing a haunted melody, probably Mrs. Denbrough who loved to play whenever she could to enjoy the rain.

Opening the door was Bill and Georgie's mother, Sharon, with her beautiful posture and appearance. Mia had always found her beautiful, with her smooth brown strands and brown eyes that reminded her of the amber color.

"Mia! Oh honey don't you tell me you came straight from school in this rain? Come on in, I'll make some hot chocolate and he's in the room." the lady invited helping her take off her soaked coat, wetting the floor.

"Thanks. And how is he?"

"Well, it's the flu. Coughing a lot, maybe that midnight bath at the Quarry, wasn't a good idea."

The girl laughed awkwardly as she recalled yesterday's idea of going after school to dive into the Quarry after an intense PE class on one of the rare days of this month, without rain.

"Well, we're so sorry Mrs. Denbrough, don't worry that it will never happen again."

Saluting, the girl went up the flight of stairs, turning right where Bill's room was. The door was ajar, as if in surprise, Mia slipped through the opening and sensing a presence in the room, Bill looked up with a broad smile on his pale face.

"Mia! You ar-ar-are here!"

And getting out of bed, he hugged the girl willingly, forgetting about his illness.

"Sorry, I will ma-ma-make you sick."

"Don't bother, I am already contaminated just for only being here."

And dropping her backpack on the floor by the bed, the brunette looked at the paper boat on the bed, SS Georgie, picking it up and analyzing it. Bill has always been artistic, of all the group, the best. It may sound like a joke, but Mia could never make a paper boat, imagine a drawing.

"I imagine by name, Georgie is the owner. Speaking of him, where is he?"

She said putting the boat back in bed and sitting across from Bill.

"In the cellar, b-b-by the way, he is get-get-getting late."

As Bill got up to get the walkie talkie, Mia turned and repeated the answer as a question.

"The cellar? The most hated place by Georgie the Brave?"

To an eight-year-old, he was very adventurous and brave, even facing bullies. But if there's one thing he doesn't like, it's the dark, so no matter where, if it's dark, it will be avoided by Georgie.

"Yeah, but do-do-don't worry, he is safe." and pointed to the walkie.
"Georgie, hurry up." and let go of the robe.

Denbrough's slender body, covered in pajamas, diverted Mia's attention. In recent months, the fourteen-year-old girl has developed desires, desires that in a biology book was normal, but for Amelia Stone, sexual desire was a taboo subject. She didn't want to be right, she wanted to get rid of the flood of emotions that made her unclean, stuck in a path that every teenager, or almost teenager, has to cross. But how to cross without smearing the perfect boy by her side, for her being, her body was anything but pure.

Thunder startled her, taking her eyes off the boy. He, realizing the jump of fright, chuckled.

"I see you're still afraid of thun-thun-thunder."

And how. For it was on these nights that *he* enjoyed even more. Hurried footsteps appeared in the doorway, Georgie appearing and handing the wax over to his brother.

"Mia!" came the boy to embrace his second favorite person in this world after Bill.

"So, how's my brave boy?"

"Braver than ever! Did you know? I went down to the cellar alone!"

"So I've heard." She glanced at Bill, who was sitting at the table waxing the boat.

"Are you going sailing today, sailor?"

"Yeah, but Bill doesn't want to come with me for being sick, but you could come."

"Sorry, but not today. I have to do homework with him."

Pouting, the dislike was obvious in the boy. But that made him cuter.

"You two are not funny."

"Georgie!"

And the boy, holding Mia's right hand, went to the table, where the boat was standing.

"There you go. Sh-sh-she's all ready, Captain."

"She?"

"You always call a boat she, Georgie."

Stroking Georgie's golden hair, Mia and Bill exchanged affectionate glances. As parents, they cared for the youngest more than his own biological parents. And there would be nothing the two wouldn't do for him.

"Thanks, Billy."

And the two hugged, with the oldest tickling.

"Bye, bye, Mia. See you later."

"Later, Brave boy."

And running in joy, the boy left the room. With this cue, Mia decided to take the notebooks and books from her backpack, to get home early, because today her mother would leave more early of the shift. But as she turned, she saw Bill with the walkie in hand and looking out the window, probably his brother.

"Be careful."

And dropping things on the bed, Mia went toward him, leaning over the boy's left shoulder.

"Don't worry. He will be fine."

And caressing, then leaving a kiss on the shoulder the girl watched the child in the yellow coat running behind the boat, which floated in the water.

4. Missing kids

This is the biggest chapter written by me. Lots of information on this one, good read!

Minutes turned into hours and hours turned into day. The beginning of Georgie's search came from his brother's concern for the delay, especially since it was already dark and stopped raining. Ignoring his cough, Bill changed clothes and went with Mia out of the house, looking for the youngest.

They walked all over the neighborhood and nothing about the boy. The walkie talkie purchased by Bill, just to help at these times, was mute on the other end of the line. They arrived at the house listening to the calls of Mrs. Denbrough for dinner, at that time Mia had even forgotten about her mother's shift, after all a more worrying situation arose at the moment.

Telling Bill's parents that it was possible Georgie was missing made the house in a state of tension. Zach Denbrough in a hard voice, showing that he was not kidding, asked the two children questions. Bill's nervous state didn't help his stutter, which irritated his father even more. "Get out of here! Go to the bedroom and don't leave!"

Feeling as if she didn't exist for the couple, Mia went up with Bill, deciding to accompany him at that moment. The boy sat on the bed bursting into tears, muttering several times, "Sorry!" and that it was his fault Georgie had disappeared. Mia went into a state of despair and distress, not knowing what to do to calm her friend. Bill was never in this state of suffering, so that the only comfort to pass was with a hug, a friendly shoulder to cry on.

The night passed with police rounds in the neighborhood and questions to family and friends. But nothing of him. It was as if by magic he had disappeared, taking any evidence that he had left home. Bill slept after a lot of crying, leaning against Mia's shoulder, with the girl sleeping against the headboard.

The police hit the Denbrough house again in the morning and this

time with news, even if not good. Mrs. Howlett, one of the neighborhood residents, said in a statement that she saw the boy in the sewer and then he disappeared. The news fell as an end to the parents' despair, but as a question mark to the two children in the room. *Why was he in the sewer? Well, maybe the paper boat had fallen into the sewer. If he was seen, why didn't anyone help? And what are the new research sites? And worst of all, was Georgie dead?*

Well, with the news, Bill's parents felt yes, even with the police claim that they would continue to investigate. After a month a funeral and burial ceremony was held, perhaps to give a feeling of ending. Georgie was dead and even without body we had to bury him. The Losers Club were all present to support a bleak Bill with his parents' decision. Mia controlled her own tears for him, thus giving a strength and presence that he was not alone.

By then, one more child was gone, but no fanfare. Life on Derry continued as if nothing had happened, nothing **was** happening. Well, at least one good thing came out of this situation. Bowers's gang avoided humiliating and hitting the losers' club, as Bowers himself said, "Your brother being missing is enough suffering." How generous of him ... The last days of class was coming to an end and with that Derry sank deeper into a frenzy of missing children. People already assumed that, but nothing could be done. Well, except a curfew.

June 1989

As it was the last day of school, many would think that classes would only have talk or plans for the summer. *But who in their right mind continues to teach math, when the next grade we will see the same thing?* Well, not for Mrs. Carson, because right now the plans we are discussing are precisely for the new semester. *God, I wanted to find out who invented math!*

Well, since it had no clock and the room was private to one, Mia kept turning to the side where her friend Stanley Uris sat, or just Stan. Nor could he stand it anymore and it wasn't because of Mrs. Carson. *Brrrr, finally!* Mia didn't even bother to pack her bag properly, she threw everything on the table into it. But being a good friend, she waited for Stan, who being a born organizer, tucked every accessory and book into his backpack.

As soon as he was done, they ran after their friends. It was not hard to find the wonder trio, after all a black fanny pack stood out at the waist of one of them, and of course Richie's giant glasses marked his face, which in Mia's opinion was very handsome. Not that he knows that, after all she wouldn't hear the end of the boy's ego.

"Wait, you guys!"

"Yeah you could slow down a bit."

"Hey, Stan, what happens at the bar mitzvah anyways? Eddie says you slice the tip of the d-d-d-dick off." asks Bill.

"Ew! This is totally not going to happen at the bar mitzvah." These boys could be disgusting when they wanted to. As Richie says, "It's part of growing up!"

"Yes, Rabbi's gonna pull down your pants. And he will tell the crowd: 'Wheres is the beef?' Like I said, disgusting."

"At the bar mitzvah, I read from the Torah... and then I make a speech, and suddenly I become a man."

"There is more funner ways to become a man."

" 'More fun ways', you mean."

And as soon as they looked up to look around, the laughter died away, for on the left side of the group, standing around them with predator eyes, was the Bowers gang. Mia didn't even care to look, knowing that would be a sign to them. But she could feel it, the eyes on her back, the feeling of being watched closely, Bowers was not giving up.

"Do you think they'll sing my yearbook?" Eddie bumped into Mia, trying to keep up with the group, fleeing from Bowers. "Dear Richie, sorry for taking a hot, steaming dump in your backpack last month. Have a good summer." "

"Yeah, if you want to die ..." Mia muttered to herself. Just then, the worst bitch in school, Greta Keene bumped into Stanley's left shoulder, pushing him all the way to Mia, knocking her to the

ground.

"Sorry, Mia. Are you alright?" Stan asked as he helped his friend up.

"Yea, I'm fine." but then she saw who bumped into Stan and heading toward the ladies' room could only mean one thing: Beverly.

"Guys!" The three who led the way down the stairs turned toward the girl. "Go ahead, I'll meet you outside."

"Where are you going?" shouted Richie. But no answer was given. Bill has been seeing Mia's escapades lately, as if to do something secret that none of them know. But, he knew that if it was a secret, she would tell on time, or he expected it.

"Come on, guys. She said th-th-that she will meet us outside."

"What a mysterious girlfriend you got, Billy boy." joked Richie.

Just then, in the girls' bathroom, Mia arrived just in time, catching one of Greta's followers, dragging a garbage bag with water.

"Where do you think you're going with that garbage bag?"

"Ow, Beaver-ly. Look who came to save you. The loser slut!"

These names were already a nickname or surname in town for Mia. It seems that it came even before she went to high school, where after the story with Bowers, the situation got dirtier. No one looked at Stone without thinking about the dirty things she did.

"Ow, Greta. I didn't know you could be so smart. Did you invent these names yourself, or do you just follow what others say, like a brainless one?"

A laugh came from inside one of the bathroom cubicles. That only infuriated the pig-faced girl more. *Oh sorry, let's not offend pigs, they're cute, Greta isn't.*

"You are a slut, Stone. No one really likes you, just what you can offer them. Those losers including. So let's leave you as you really are, trash."

And feeling all the slime that was one of the women's bathroom trash, Mia was wet with watery bag, which was to Beverly.

"Let's go girls. Let's let the slut meeting begin."

And like a bunch of jackdaws, the girls left, leaving Mia to go to the sink to wet her face, hair, to try to get some of the garbage that covered her. *Well, that will stink.*

"Sorry for not helping." Beverly, outside the cubicle, spoke behind the girl who saved her.

"Stop. After all, isn't that what friends do? One helps the other." And they both smiled at each other, the sun illuminating the redhead's green eyes. "After all, you saved me once. I will never forget." It was a weekend day, home shopping time, her mother was at the hospital working. Without a bicycle, she would walk home because it was right there in the city center. But ingenuity cost her dearly, for unknowingly passing an alley, she was seized.

As she was dragged, the forgotten groceries on the floor, Patrick Hockstetter, Victor Criss, and Belch Huggins appeared in her vision plan, so that only meant that Henry Bowers was dragging and gagging her. The three like hyenas prowled her, especially Patrick who looked her up and down. It brought her bad memories. Her heart was pounding, her pulsing blood was deafening, her eyes watery. She didn't want to repeat the past.

"I finally found you alone. You know, it was very hard to control myself every time I saw you with the losers, especially stutter Bill. I really wanted to go over them and have you for me there in front of them." the hot breath came out of his mouth bringing her nausea and sweat dripping down his face, wetting it on her right cheek. sensations long known. "But then I thought to myself, why twice the work, when you can just have fun with one? And here we are, alone, ready to know what the losers like about you so much."

Hyena laughs, it seemed. She was the food and they were her taster. "Hockstetter and Criss hold her, today I'll show her who her man is." And while being held on one side by Patrick, she took the opportunity to kick his ass, running for just a second before being

held and pushed to the ground, scratching her on the right side. One, two kicks and breathlessness she felt, was held on either side, and not knowing where to look, she stared up where she met the demon's face.

"Help!" Burning was felt on the left side, perhaps a cut in the lip. Her shirt was torn, leaving her wearing only a pink bra, kisses and hickeys were given on her neck, chest and abdomen. The legs, locked by Bowers's upper-seated body, thrashed in a form of resistance. But that only incited Henry, who as soon as he took off his belt, a scream was heard, and it wasn't Mia's.

"Hey!" And turning, they saw the redhead Marsh. With cell phone and the sound of the phone, seemed to be on the line, was calling someone.

"What are you doing Marsh? Want to come in for fun?" hinted Bowers.

"I'll give you a minute to leave, or else the police will show up. And we don't want that, right Bowers?" The look of fear said it all. Mia was saved, for now.

"Come on, Henry. Your father will not forgive this here. Let's go." And the pressure on Mia's two arms was gone, but Henry was still there watching her until he lowered his mouth to her ear. "We're not done yet, Amelia. Wait for me."

And as if she emerged from the water, the sobs and panting began to come out of her mouth. Guarded tears cascaded down and a hug of relief was given by Beverly Marsh, her unexpected savior. But that was then, this is now. The two created a very strong bond, one turned confidant of the other. Secrets were no longer secrets but an outburst. One understood what the other was going through.

"Well, like you said, friend is for these things."

"Well, better than that, it won't be." Laughs. "See you, Bev." "See you too, Mia."

The descent to the front of the school was quick, because the building

at this time was already empty. At the front it consisted of a bunch of students waiting for buses, talking or like the losers, throwing the materials in the trash.

"Hey, losers."

"Ah, it was about time!" And as if choking, Richie covered his nose.
"What the fuck?! What the hell happened there?"

"Well, trash got me." Which was not a lie.

"Are you okay?" Bill, in a low voice of concern, asked.

"Yeah. So, what were you talking about?"

"About the lack of creativity for Richie's summer vacation." said Eddie.

"Let me guess, Street Fighter?" guessed Mia. She knew Tozier's love for the arcade.

"I need to beat my last score, Eddie Spaghetti."

"Fuck you!"

"What if we go to the Quarry?" suggested Stan.

"Guys, we can g-go to the Barrens." Stan and Mia looked at each other. It was a fact that Bill was the only one who had not given up on Georgie. "No body, no death." he said.

"Right."

"Betty Ripsom's mom." Everyone looked at the woman in the green dress and red eyes from crying, standing in front of the school, waiting for her daughter. Betty was one of the last kids to disappear into Derry these days.

"Does she really expect to see her coming out of the school?"

"I don't know. As if Betty Ripsom's been hiding in HomeEc for the last few weeks."

"Do you think they'll actually find her?"

"Sure. In a ditch. All decomposed, covered in worms and maggots, smelling like Eddie's mom's underwear."

Of course. Richie, the trashmouth, had to answer.

"That's not true Richie."

Tozier, looking at Stone, realized what he had done wrong. You couldn't talk about death near Bill.

"She's not dead. She's m-m-m-missing."

"Sorry Bill, she's missing."

And to put an end to the subject Denbrough stepped out of the trash can, but not realizing the danger coming.

"You know the Barrens aren't that bad. Who doesn't love splashing around in shitty water?" Ufff. On the floor were Richie and Stan, above Hockstetter.

"Nice frisbee, flamer."

"Give it back!" but the bus had already taken the kippah. As Belch belched over Eddie, Bowers bumped into Bill, still offending Mia. "Bitch."

"You s-s-s-suck, Bowers!"

"Shut up, Bill!" Facing them meant more suffering.

"Did you s-s-s-say something? B-B-B-Billy?" And the closer Henry came, the more Bill stood in front of Mia. "You got free ride this year cuz' of your little brother. Ride's over, Denbrough."

"Police, Bowers." Henry looked at the sheriff, who in this case was his father, and gave it back.

"This summer its gonna be a hurt-train, for you and your faggot friends, oh let's not forget the whore." and rubbing his dirty hand

with drool on Bill's face, the gang left.

"I wish he'd go missing."

"He's probably the one doing it."

And to think that I even took pity on him.

I don't know if you noticed, but the italics are Mia's thoughts. Oh, and Greta seems to be, in the movie, the daughter of the pharmacy owner, Mr. Keene, so her name was written that way. See u soon!

Ps.: Loved the movie! Almost cried in the end! What a powerful message and people who does not seem to understand the movie, miss the real purpose of the story.